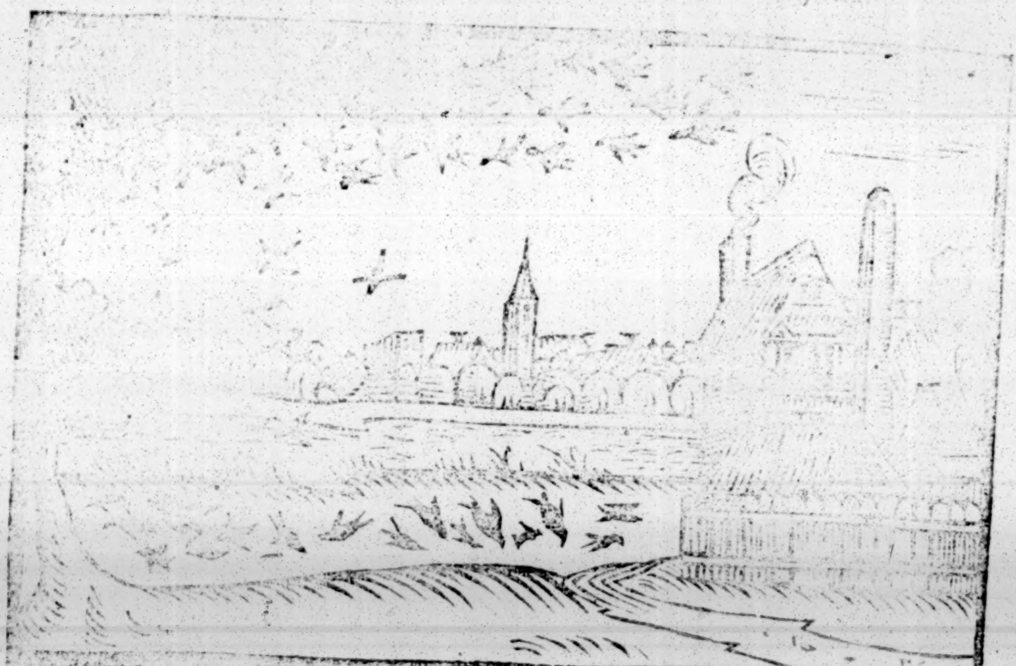
A battell of Birds

Moſt ſtrangly fought in Ireland, vpon the eight day of Septem ber laſt, 1621. where neere vnto the Citty of Corke, by the riu weare gathered together ſuch a multytude of Stares, or Starlings, as the like for number, was neuer ſeene in any age.

To the tune of [illegible] wife. Or to the tune of Bonny N



Marke well, Gods wonderous workes, and ſee,
what things therein declared be,
Such things as may with trembling feare,
fright all the world, the ſame to heare:
for like to theſe, which here I tell,
no man aliue remembreth well.

The eight day of September laſt,
which made all Ireland much agaſt:
Were ſeene (neare Corke) ſuch flights of Birds,
whoſe numbers, cannot well by words,
acounted be: for greater ſtore,
was neuer ſeene, nor knowne before.

The flights, ſo many legions ſeem'd,
as Ireland thouſands they were deem'd,
All flying all among the ſkye,
as if the battle were on hie:
In multitudes, without compare,
[illegible] blacke clowdes, made dim the aire.

And from the Eaſterne [illegible] appeared,
a flight of Stares, which greatly feared,
the people there, the ſame to ſee,
as like could neuer numbred be:
for they in marſhall ſquadrons flew,
as if they others would purſue.

And as this flight, thus houering lay,
prepared all in battle ray:
From out the Weſt, another came,
as great in number as the firſt,
and there oppoſde in warlike might,
themſelues againſt the other flight.

Whereas theſe Stares, or ſilly Birds,
for want of Helmets, Gunnes and Swords,
They vſd their Tallents, Bills, and Beakes,
and ſuch a battle vndertakes:
that trembling feare and terror brought,
to all which ſaw this battle fought.

For firſt, the Eaſterne flight ſat downe,
with chattering noyſe vpon the ground:
As if they challenged all the reſt,
to meete and fight euen by the Weſt,
where preſently was heard from farre,
the ſame like chattering ſound of warre.

And thereupon the weſterne flight,
downe by the Eaſterne Birds did light,
Where after they a while had ſat,
together with their Bird like chat,
they all vpon a ſudaine roſe,
and each the other did oppoſe.

R-hand page bot Bo Right (Argeir)

Both

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

And flying thus the azure ſkie,
with theſe their troopes vp mounted hie,
They ſeem'd more thick, then moats ith Sunne,
a dreadfull battle there begun:
and in their kind more ſtrongly fought,
then can immagen'd be by thought.

Thouſands of thouſands, on a heape,
vpon the others backes did leape,
With all their forced ſtrengthes and might,
to put their War-like foes to flight:
and as it were in battle ray,
long time they kept them thus in play.

To fight this battle in the ayre,
their bills and beakes their weapons were,
Which they performed in ſuch a ſort,
as makes me doubtfull to report:
that ſilly Birds ſhould thus ariſe,
and fight ſo fiercely in the ſkyes.

But ſo it was and ſtrange withall,
that Birds ſhould thus at diſcord fall,
And neuer ceaſe, till they were ſlaine,
thouſands, ſtarke dead vpon the plaine:
where people tooke them vp in feare,
a thing moſt ſtrange to ſee and heare.

With broken wings, ſome fell to ground,
and ſome poore ſilly Birds were found,
With eyes pickt out, ſtruck downe halfe dead,
and ſome no braines left in their head;
but battered forth, and kill'd outright,
moſt ſtrangely in this ayery fight.

Yet long with fond and chattering cryes,
each company againſt other flyes:
With bloody beakes, remorſeleſſe ſtill,
their fethered foes to maime or kill,
where whilſt this battle did remaine,
their bodies fell like dropes of raine.

Thouſands were to the Citty borne,
with wounded limbes, and bodies torne:
For all the fields were ouerſpread,
with mangled Starlings that lay dead,
in bloud and feathers ſtrang to ſe,
which men tooke vp aboundantly.

It was a wonder to explaine,
the number of them hurt and ſlaine,
And being a wonder let it reſt,
the Lord aboue he knoweth beſt:
what theſe poore creatures did intend,
when thus to battle they did bend.

But ſuch a battle nere was fought,
by ſilly Birds which haue no thought:
In doing ill, nor any mind,
to worke contrary to their kind,
but yet as nature gaue them life,
ſo here they ſtrangely fell at ſtrife.

What now for truth is publiſht forth
eſteeme it as a newes of worth:
And by the wonder of theſe dayes,
learne to leaue off all wicked wayes,
for ſure it is that God it ſent,
that of our ſinnes we ſhould repent.

FINIS. Printed at London by W. I